

MR. TOIKE

King of the castle since 1911

by The Toike Oike





The Toike Oike

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S STUDENT NEWSPAPER SINCE 1921

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EDITORIAL

Oh, how glorious it is to be youthful.

I find it interesting, if not amusing that the youth of today are so eager to grow up. Teenage boys impatiently wait to "become a man," only to have a midlife crisis as an adult and physiologically revert back to their twenties. Similarly, teenage girls try every trick in the book to look older and more mature, and then they grow up and do everything they can to look younger and smooth out their aging bodies. I find it supremely ironic that teenagers wish they were older, only to grow up and wish they were younger again.

I suppose the grass is always greener on the other side.

At the earlier ages of childhood, the cool kids are always the ones who give off the impression of being older than they really were. Think back to your youth — the cool kids were the ones with all their adult teeth, who rode their bikes without training wheels, and who had gotten over the fact that girls or boys had cooties. Even as babies, mothers (or perhaps corporations, but that's a topic for a different editorial) are encouraging their children to act like "big kids" and wear underwear-style diapers to be just like adults. But in the end, I think life is much better as a kid for numerous reasons. (Apparently my

subtitled editorials have somewhat of a cult following, so I'll keep it up as to not disappoint my admirers.)

You can be lazy and irresponsible and nobody thinks twice:

When else is it acceptable to lie on the couch all summer while hanging out with your friends? When else is it considered financially responsible to spend all your money on video games and comic books? If you think back to all the time you've spent relaxing, loafing and playing video games as a kid, you'll probably wish you were that age again and relaxing instead of 20 and studying for midterms.

You can get away with murder:

"Oh, don't yell at him, he's just a kid — he didn't know any better." That's the typical response I hear from parents when their child drops something breakable, writes all over the wall with crayon or spills grape juice on a white carpet. And even if little Billy does do something bad enough to make his parents scream at him all day and all night, chances are he'll be forgiven in a few days. Even the Young Offender's Act goes easy on kids if they commit a crime! So if you have a hankering to steal something, make sure you do it before you turn 18.

It doesn't take much to make you happy:

Do you remember when a shiny new dollar seemed like a lot of money? You could go to the candy store with your small gold bouillion and purchase any candy in the store that you wanted! Nowadays I take out 100 dollars from the bank machine, and after shopping for groceries and some basic necessities of life, I'm left with just that — a shiny dollar. Unfortunately, it doesn't seem like as much money as it did 10 years ago.

Let's face it, being an adult is overrated:

So, the moral of this story is that we should all be encouraged to enjoy our youth while it lasts. That's why we've prepared a special Toike for you, our faithful reader. This "Kid's edition" Toike features a center spread filled with games that every kid should have, and spoofs the "Mr. Man/Little Miss" series of books that every kid should read (if you've never heard of these books, put the Atwood away and hit your local library). We sincerely hope that reading the Toike brings out the little kid in you.

David Kobayashi
Editor in Chief

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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SPECIAL THANKS

Anthony Apostoli, Anne Lange, Chris Doan — for our center spread.
Erin Walker — for inspiring this cover and countless editorials.
Alex Wun — for sketching the artwork on the cover and back pages.

COLOPHON

The Toike Oike is produced using a computer. Vectors are fetch. They are sooo the new pixels. Like, for sure! The body copy is set in Georgia, and the headlines in Myriad.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So tighten up, sit back and have an iced tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. We meet every month on the Saturday following distribution. Viva la revolution!

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring the pain. Sucka.

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Get Involved With The Toike Oike!

Ask that cute girl or guy you've been pining for from afar to attend a Toike meeting with you. Once you see how funny each other are, you'll immediately fall in love.

The Toike Oike. Breaking the ice since 1911.

Our next content meeting will be held on:

Thursday, November 4, 2004 @ 6:00pm at Hart House's South Dining Room.

Saturday, November 13, 2004 @ 2:00pm. Details TBA.

Questions?? email toike@skule.ca

Dear Toike:

I noticed in the last edition of THE TOIKE OIKE you referred to male genital shaving (M.G.S.) at least two times! Is this a new fad that's going around and do you recommend it?

Asking this leads me to two more questions:

A) If you shave then let it grow back in again, does it look like a chia pet?

B) How do you avoid that nasty and embarrassing razor rash?

P.S. I will wait for a response before trying M.G.S. Ahh... screw it; where's my MACH 3?

Dear Baldy

We at the Toike are extremely offended by your letter. You callously assume that everyone who shaves their pubic hair does so as a fashion statement.

You see, several writers here at the Toike have recently been diagnosed with Capillitus Areoctus-G. This is a non-fatal disease that causes hair follicles to become overactive and produce abnormally stiff and wiry hair. They suffer from the "G" variety, which only affects hair in their pelvic region. In other words, their pubic hair is like Velcro.

They are unable to wear tight pants, rest heavy objects in their laps, or even

sit with their legs close together! You think pulling duct tape off your pole hairy leg hurts? Well trying walking around with YOUR pear entwined in your tighty whities after sitting crunched up on the subway for an hour!

This disease has virtually ruined their lives. They've lost both their jobs as swimming instructors and their girlfriends of many years. Their undergarments all look like fishing nets. When they lather in the shower, it's like taking the bar of soap through a cheese grater. It doesn't help that they're heavyset guys and sweat easily either since that makes it itch like crazy. And when they can't stop themselves from scratching, it makes the most embarrassing scrunching noise — like they're some kind of pervert who likes to hide plastic bags in their pants.

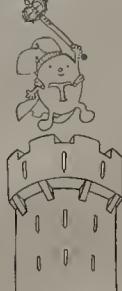
Life is miserable... sometimes they can't even find the strength to get out of bed in the morning. That's because they usually end up getting stuck to the mattress overnight.

It's hard enough to carry on without guys like you mongering hate against us.

In the future, please keep your prejudices to yourself.

Signed,
Victims of a cruel disease;
The Toike Oike

Arts & Science, Engineering,
Grad Students, Building Staff,
and Professors are all
welcome to contribute!



Midterms got you down?
Come write for the Toike!

The Toike Oike: "Because the world would be a boring place if everyone read The Varsity"

NEWS BRIEFS

HOMELESS MAN RECEIVES AWARD

TORONTO (AP) - Last Friday, local homeless man Len Stilch was stopped and presented with the Sharpie Marker Award for the 'Best Sign Written with a Black Felt Tip Marker' by the Toronto Coalition for the Homeless (TCH).

The award-winning sign read "I need money for food. Please help!" James Lond, Director of the TCH, praised Len's work: "The punctuation and lettering were carefully spaced, equally sized, and perfectly level. His choice of words was simple and stated in a straight-forward manner; and that's what gets the money in the empty coffee cups." Stilch was then handed a golden 8" statuette of a Sharpie Marker with his name engraved. Though he was glad to receive an award, he would have preferred to receive money or even shelter to stay alive.

SCHOOL TESTS IN WINDOW NOT AS COOL AS EMPTYIES

WHITNEY (Toke) - "I have midterms up in the living room, but my finals are a little more personal so they go in the bedroom window." John Mondale of Whitney Residence had empties up for two years before making the change. "The pee stains in front of my door are proof enough that I know how to party. I have a 2.33 GPA and I wanted to share that with everyone instead of the fact I happen to have a preference for Alberta Springs Vodka."

In related news, Derek Tsui, another student at Whitney, replaced his window empties with empty drug baggies, which many passers-by feel is way more hardcore.

BUTT CRACK DECEIVES

MCLENNAN (Toke) - "Butt cracks deceive man!" recounts organic chemistry student Albert Harrison. "This girl in front of me in class, she had those really-low-rise jeans and a frilly red thong sticking out. I totally couldn't concentrate, like, it was distracting man." Harrison stared for a good hour and followed the girl out of lecture. Unfortunately, when he caught up with the girl, Harrison discovered that it wasn't a girl at all, but a male student with a penchant for frilly underwear and really long silky hair. The thong-wearing male student was unavailable for comment.

TOKE TO ECF LAB USERS: "REMEMBER TO SHOWER, FOR FUCK'S SAKE"

BAHEN (Toke) - As Fall exams approach, Engineering students begin to spend record amounts of time in Engineering Computer Facility laboratories. An increase in stress level, coupled with a decrease in hygiene, generally leads to a terrible stench of B.O., which sticks to plastic keyboards, upholstered chairs, carpets, and eventually innocent ECF lab users themselves. This inevitably causes students to wretch, contributing to the stink even more, and rendering them unappealing to members of the opposite sex, even though they themselves were clean before entering the lab.

As a very unfriendly reminder to all ECF lab users in an attempt at prevention, the Toke issues this statement:

REMEMBER TO SHOWER, FOR FUCK'S SAKE. Thank you.

FLORIDA WINS ELECTION

VOTERS DUMBFOUNDED AGAIN BY COMPLICATED ELECTORAL COLLEGE SYSTEM

FLORIDA (Toke) - American citizens were overcome with confusion today, when the Official Election Board announced that through a flaw in the electoral college, the state of Florida was elected President.

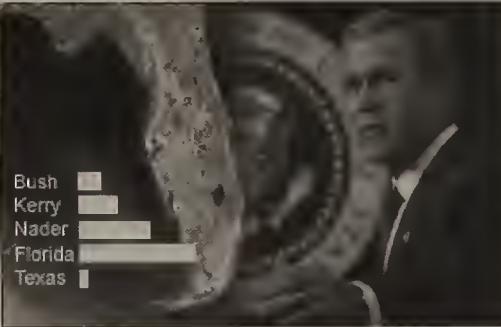
"We're not quite sure what happened," Lisa Sturgess, an official ballot counter, told the press. "But the complicated math that inevitably designates the winner of the election seems to have hit an exception. In 2500 trials, the answer was always the same: Winner, General Election: Florida, the Sunshine State."

The most confused citizens of all were definitely the main 2004 Presidential Nominees, President George W. Bush and Senator John Kerry.

"I really don't see how this could happen," Kerry said. "The electoral college has a very simple, effective plan for voting. Sort of like many of my plans, which I will put into effect once I have moved to Florida, and become a President by default."

President Bush, looking somewhat depleted after having the electoral college explained to him, said only, "It should have been Texas."

There are several basic political questions that have been raised. Besides the



obvious "How can a state be President?" most people are wondering, "How can a tacky state like Florida be President?" The answer is unavailable at this time.

Top political analysts have convened in a post-election summit to discuss the course of the country over the next four years. Held at Cinderella's Castle in Florida's capital city of Orlando, the summit consists of 50 of the brightest political minds in the United States.

Their job is to outline how the Federal Government must be reorganized to accommodate the first state President, and to hopefully outline a way for the government to run smoothly.

"What we're trying to do here is make sure we can, in fact, run a country with a state as President," said Harvard Political Science Professor Howard Gossard.

"At this point we've got a lot of stuff on the drawing board, we're just trying to discern what some of the best plans of action are to get this thing on its feet, get the ball rolling."

Most citizens, however, are skeptical of Florida's potential effectiveness as President.

"What's going to happen?" Larry Yerman of Bowdoin, Maine, asked. "Is like, everyone in Florida a President now?"

So does that mean some ass hole down in bumblefuck Crocoidilesville can start declaring war? Dude."

"I really don't understand," said Heather Smith of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. "Basically, it seems like Mickey Mouse could be appointing his cabinet at this very moment. What a shitty country. I'm moving to Canada."

Others, however, see what's being called "the Glitch" as a positive turn for American politics.

Some say without one executive leader, the country is less likely to be pulled in a direction that the majority objects to. Either way, the unexpected turn has succeeded in uniting the country behind the belief that the Electoral College is worthless and stupid.

"What happens if we get Tennessee next time?" Ted Williams of Newark, New Jersey asked. "Or maybe, like, some other loser state. Like Wyoming. Man... something's gotta be done about this. Vote New Jersey 2008!"

More information is available at Florida's unofficial campaign website: www.TheSunshinePrez.gov

- Anne Lange

Boy Disparaged After N64 Debacle

TORONTO (Toke) - Zack Foreman was disappointed yesterday when his crush, 15 year old Alicia Chadwick, chose Princess Peach as her driver for a game of MarioKart 64. She had come over after school to finish their history project, a diorama depicting the assassination of Julius Caesar, when they decided to take a study break. After collecting Gushers and pop from Mrs. Foreman, they headed towards the den to play Foreman's N64, which Chadwick annoyingly described as "super retro."

Young Mr. Foreman thought he was being extremely polite and respectful when he let her choose a character first. He watched intently as she passed Luigi, Yoshi, and Toad, and with a satisfied sigh that masked his anguish, chose Peach.

"I thought she was cool," Zack told friend Scott, 14, later that day, "but when she chose Princess I was like, what the hell

are you doing. Princess doesn't even get above 6th ever. Donkey Kong sucks too, but at least he's got some weight."

As the game progressed, Foreman was unsettled further at Chadwick's demented way of bending her whole body from side to side, as if it would help her get around turns. It did not, as it turns out, because Chadwick remained in eighth place for all three races, finishing long after the rest of the characters and getting lapped at least once by all of them.

Depressed, Foreman canceled his mental agenda of progressing to Goldency, and instead suggested that they finish their diorama and call it a day. By the time Mrs. Chadwick picked Alicia up at five, Zack had sworn off women entirely for the rest of his life. Mrs. Foreman reported later.

- Anne Lange

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Girl Changes MSN Messenger Name Far Too Frequently: Accused of TMI

ST. GEORGE (Toke) - Katrina Dickinson, of St. Michael's College, was recently presented with a petition by all 37 people on her MSN contact list regarding the all-too-frequent changes she makes to her online name.

While it is universally acceptable to make others aware of recent events through the alteration of one's online identity, Dickinson's friends and family felt that her recent excesses in this area were leading to giving out heavy doses of TMI (Too Much Information).

Unfortunately, Katrina was of the impression that people actually gave a shit about what she was doing with her life minute to minute, and eventually when it really got out of control, from second to second. Ex-boyfriend John Johnson never got around to removing Dickinson from his list, but was actually strangely intrigued to see what she would be doing next.

Katrina: Knuckle deep in my nostrils on the hunt!

5 minutes later, her name changed to...

Katrina: Scratching my back on a lamppost outside.

Soon after this, it was changed to...

Katrina: On the shitter!! (heart heart smiley face) I totally ate too much thanksgiving dinner this year!

And once again, it was changed to...

Katrina: Clipping my toenails, y'all! No more ripped socks!

At this point, Johnson felt that he had finally received the maximum amount of information that his system could handle, and called in Katrina's family and friends for an intervention.

Katrina was adamant that she did not have a problem, stating: "I can't even deal with this right now! I totally have to go to the gym, then to the library, then to like 4 parties at once. I'm sooo busy."

- Annie Unold



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NEWS BRIEFS

WOMAN 'UNAWARE' OF PREGNANCY

TORONTO (Toike) - Tabby Gullette, 56, recently gave birth to a child she was not aware she was carrying for the past nine months. As a regular Tim Horton's patron, she had attributed her growing waistline to her increased appetite for donuts and chocolate croissants, and had thought that she had stopped menstruating due to menopause. When she started having severe stomach cramps, she drove herself to the hospital where she was told that she was actually in labour.

The only member of the Gullette family that would comment on the events was little Tommy Gullette, 5, who wanted to know: "Where did Grandma's baby come from if Grandpa is in heaven?"

PHYSICS-DEFYING EMAIL ARRIVES 14 MINUTES BEFORE IT WAS SENT

TORONTO (AP) - Researchers have quarantined the path of phone lines between two homes in the GTA, and seized two personal computers for investigation, after receiving reports of an email that allegedly traveled backwards in time. The event was detected by MS Outlook user Johnny Ronton, when he noticed that an email he had received from his friend was timestamped as sent at 9:47am, when the time in the bottom-right corner of his screen only read 9:33am.

Physicists at U of T indicate these observations build upon the "wave-particle duality of email" theory, previously suggested by MIT researchers.

Implications of this non-Relativistic property of email for student life are enormous, as slackers would potentially be able to receive completed assignments via email from the future, freeing up more time for leisure activities in the present.

USERS GOING TO HELL FOR PIRACY OF THE PASSION OF THE CHRIST ON KAZAA

HEAVEN (Toike) - Heaven issued a statement earlier this morning, after randomly obtaining the login names of 17 Kazaa users by invoking a clause in the Digital Millennium Copyright Act. St. Paul, public relations officer for eternal Paradise, appeared in a jalapeno and cheese-flavoured Dorito in Tennessee to deliver his message. "God is normally pretty left-wing when it comes to Kazaa, due to its proliferation of heavenly virtues such as sharing and building a sense of community," he informed his audience.

"However, after observing the massive piracy of His Son's epic autobiography, which is heavily impacting His moral bottom line, Our Lord has decreed an eternity of punishment for any users caught downloading The Passion of the Christ illegally."

Paul added: "He is also appalled at how much porn some of these users had on their hard drives."

God has apparently already given several user names, including pinkkitty_69, maximum_ronton, clt_rubber888, and -bigfathornbastard-, to St. Peter, and issued instructions to send them to Hell whenever they arrive at the Pearly Gates.

Dr. Mendeleev Explains The Chemistry Of Things...

It seems rather intuitive to us modern thinkers that chemistry is a natural science, rather than a social science. But let me tell you, it hasn't always been this way. Isn't chemistry just a study of behaviour like psychology? But if this is in fact true, then why has this side of the science become so obsolete? Why does no one ever deal with the inner turmoil of the chemicals of the periodic table? Why haven't their questions been answered? As much as human beings feel that they have the monopoly on all things emotional, someone has taken the time to answer the 'Dear Abby' mail of elements.

While researching down in Gerstein Science Library, I discovered the long forgotten letters of Dr. Mendeleev. He was the one who cared the most about their turmoil, their feelings and their broken childhoods. He realized that they too have problems with girlfriends and boyfriends, husbands and wives and he wrote extensively on the subject, from which I will excerpt:

Dear Dr. Mendeleev,

My girlfriend, Chlorine, and I have been dating for a while now and everything seemed to be going well. I gave her my valence electron and she seemed satisfied with that. We have dated, but really only in the solid phase. The other day, I took her to an aqueous dance down by the lab and the next thing I know, she'd disappeared. I talked to some of my buddies and they seem to think that she took her leave with Silver. I can't even begin to tell you how upset this makes me. She was always telling me that 'size doesn't matter' but then she runs off. And what's more, I lost my electron at that darn aqueous dance! What should I do?

Signed, Sodium

Dear Sodium,

It seems to me that you don't understand your basic nature: to be left behind. Having a girl in solid form is one thing, but once you introduce her to an aqueous environment, it's really no holds barred. You could have called earlier to see if there was any Silver, Merecur (I) or lead (II) there, but you didn't. For that risk, you lost her indefinitely as she gracefully solidified out of the dance. And don't give your electron away to the first girl you meet. Of course, you can't help your nature. You're attracted to the blondes.

Remember elements, when it comes to games of love, the gift of your electron might not always hold together a marriage.

Dear Dr. Mendeleev,

I'm at my ropes end! I can't live anymore this way! It's been going on two years now, and no one, not even one high school chemistry class has even mentioned my name. No, no, no! It's always Hydrogen and Fluorine and Aluminum that get all the notoriety. And I had done as much for this world as they have! People didn't even discover me until late in the chemistry game. You would think that would have given me some of the fame that I deserve! I feel entirely unloved by the whole of society and want to die. What should I do?

Signed, Osmium

Dear Osmium,

You're right, you are unnoticed and unloved by the chemical profession. But really, there is nothing that you can do. Because you see, Osmium, matter can neither be created nor destroyed, so you are stuck with yourself for the rest of time! But take heart. When I made up the periodic table, I tried to situate you with those that would understand you best. How often is Tassium used? At least you have a natural atomic mass! Be happy with yourself. I feel that it's your self esteem that's suffering.

Remember elements, not everyone is destined for high school greatness.

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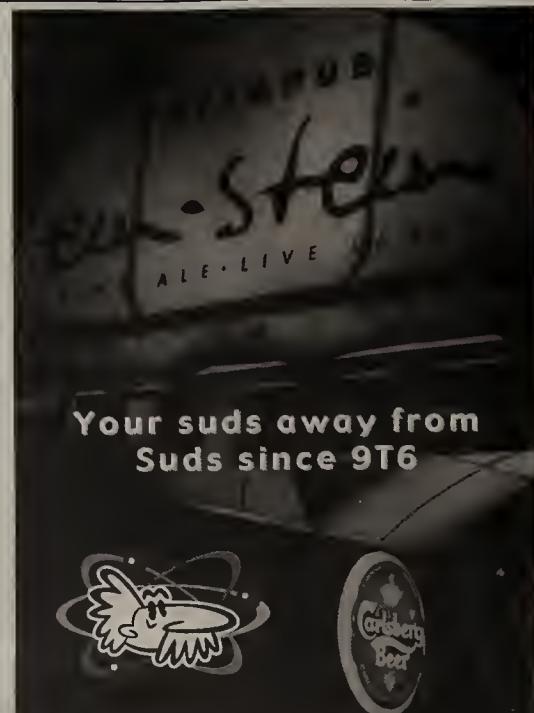
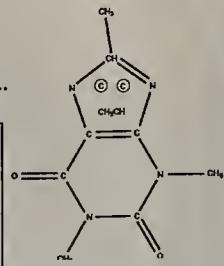
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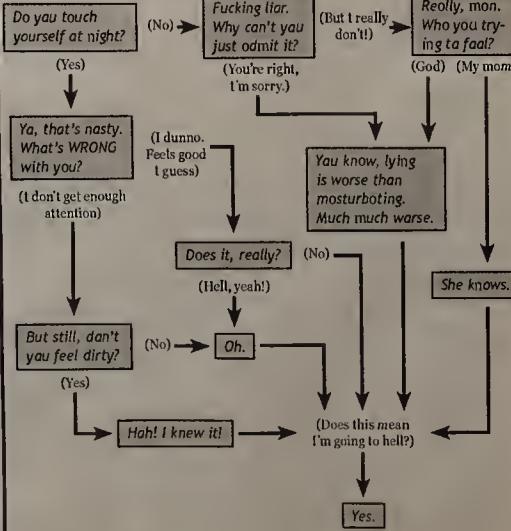
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4:00 pm - 9:30 pm

Hey Kids!

Do YOU Touch Yourself At Night?

by Mei Ling Chen



Being the Bully

By Marin Turk



How are you doing today little muffin face? Little oven baked pumpkin pie, Mommy's favorite mushy mush mush, and Daddy's adorable hardened oatmeal! Are you having fun at school? Yeah, school is fun isn't it? Play house, toys, not to mention those older grade 3 guys and younger pre-school girls. Do you finger paint, and build magical castles out of Popsicle sticks and gooey white glue? Back in the 1980's, though it was a dirty and cynical time, I too frolicked in the field of childhood, just like you are now. However, the joy of one thing, one very important thing was denied me. That thing was recess.

I hated recess. No one wanted to play with me. I hid under the planks of the wooden playground so I could watch all the other kids feet through a narrow slit. Even now, the sound of Veleno throws me into a psychotic rage. I bestow the task of my revenge onto you. Since I'm in University now, I am expected to carry myself with a modicum of maturity. Taking revenge on a bunch of measly kids would hardly be appropriate. You, my sweet potatoes and tartar sauce, have been enlisted to carry out my bidding. Think of yourself as a spy in enemy territory, dispatched to bring a hostile enemy to its knees by infiltrating their ranks. Your mission is to terrorize all those kids on the playground who do not want to play with

the school loser. How will you do this? It is easy. I will teach you how to become the meanest school bully the world has ever known. Isn't that exciting?

Mental abuse is usually more effective than physical abuse. It also has long lasting effects. That is why we will employ this method for our purposes.

First off, you need to eliminate any other bullies that might threaten your supremacy. Humiliating the bully in front of the class is sure to reduce their intimidation capabilities.

Make it seem like they are always peeing in their pants. Before they sit down, pour a homemade concoction of water and yellow food coloring onto their chair. You also can fill a pocket-sized water gun with your mixture and spray it on their pants. Preferably, you will aim for the "peeing area" but somewhere on the leg will do just fine.

Once your competition is swiftly eradicated, you can turn to making yourself the biggest baddest bully of all. Remember, you are only targeting the popular kids. So no picking on losers! Remember why you have been dispatched! Revenge! Sweet revenge for all I had to endure at the hands of those horrible giggling fools and their ridiculous "group" games. Revenge for always being the last person chosen to be on a football team. Who plays football with Nerf balls anyways? Short wussy freaks, that's who. Bah!

You will make their lives hell. All this will take place during that special time so often associated with childish rapture: recess.

Become friends with the "popular group" and invite them to a game at the monkey bars. Smear Vaseline on a few of the bars in the middle before everyone gets there, then plant the Vaseline in the coolest kids bag, taking care to coat all of their belongings to make it extra incriminating.

Find out who is really religious and play a joke on them - tell them that their god just walked by and he or she missed it. You can even say that they autographed your notebook, but that it is too holy to show anyone.

Write a fake letter to your teacher about how you watched her or him get freaky last night and that you have been doing it for weeks and inviting your friends. Put rough copies of the letter and incriminating notes that say "hey, going to the teachers house tonight?" in one of your adversaries backpacks. Put the note on the teacher's desk right before recess and innocently go on your merry way.

During recess, lots of kids eat dried Coco-Puffs that mommy packed in their lunch bags. These chocolate delights look remarkably like dog food. Mix dog food in a really popular classmate's coco-puffs, then plant the dog food in someone else's bag. Once you carry out this task, you will contact me so that we can observe your peer-eating dog food together.

Now my cute little cheese tray, did you get all of that? Good. Best of luck on the field Shnookie, and don't forget to report back!

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Pet Rock Bites Pet Dog



TORONTO (Toke) - It is currently unclear how yesterday's vicious attack began; however, witnesses claim that a pet rock, "Mr. Lazy-Piece-of-Shit," had spontaneously decided to launch itself onto a local dog from the second floor of its owner's house, biting into the dog's skull. Some witnesses claim that the rock had even attempted to ingest the dog's skull fragments and cranial contents afterwards, yet this has not been confirmed.

The rock's owner, a local boy, has been apprehended on the grounds of negligence by Toronto Police.

The dog's owner claims that there had been numerous verbal arguments between the two pets prior to the incident and that they were in some sort of a conflict involving a female dog, "My boy never hurt anybody. He's a good boy" explains dog reservoir owner Quentin Tarantino. "I am gonna kill that hospital bill."

Hospital staff refused to comment on the dog's condition, but a team of experts will be arriving later this week to treat the dog, currently being held at the Spadina and Dundas Animal Hospital (a.k.a. "Asian Farm Supermarket"). The procedure has been quoted at \$Ridiculously-High with an upward deposit of \$What-The-Fuck?

legislation had been passed by City Hall - Bill 601- that calls for financial and criminal liability from pet owners. Direct sentences for pets have already been in effect for the past 5 years.

Under the new law, JT (whose name is protected under the Youth Criminal Justice Act), could face up to 30 days of community service for the City Grump, old man Peterson, where his duties will include manual feeding, diaper changing, fees containment and disposal, massage with release, cleaning out the old pipe, serving sausages, spreading icing on the cake, preparing milkshakes, and giving blowjobs.

The rock, a 22.4 million year-old slate-quartz compound of dimensions 8.2x9.1x7.8 cm has been identified as a "natural-born killing machine" by archaeologists and geologists alike. If convicted, Mr. Lazy-Piece-of-Shit could face crushing.

The dog's life has been estimated by Royal and Sun Alliance to be worth \$0 and Tarantino's financial problems have been quoted at \$Pulp-Fiction. Therefore, it seems that neither the boy nor Mr. Lazy-Piece-of-Shit will be held financially responsible for the damages.

- Anton Bassel

ENROLL YOUR CHILD TODAY!

JOIN SIEGFRIED DEEP IN
THE WILDERNESS,
NESTLED IN A SECLUDED
FOREST

THIS IS WHERE THE
MAGIC BEGINS!

SIEGFRIED SHARES
ALL HIS SECRETS
TO SUCCESS!

SIEGFRIED & BOYS MAGICAL SUMMER CAMP

ACTIVITIES INCLUDE:

- THE ART OF ILLUSION!
- SEQUIN-BASED COSTUMING!
- BEATING VEGAS STAGEHANDS!
- TIGER TAMING!
- MANY, MANY MORE!

GUEST VISITS FROM:

PAULA POUNDSTONE!

MICHAEL JACKSON!

EVERY CAMPER
RECEIVES A FREE
WHITE TIGER
COSTUME!

SIGN UP NOW!

The attack comes just days after new



Ghetto Clue

Recent studies of children between the ages of 8 and 12 have revealed that children today no longer identify with the roaring-twenties style format to our original board game classic, Clue. With that in mind, we had our top researchers put together what we bring to you for the upcoming holiday season: Clue 2004: Ghetto Myztery, featuring places and weapons we hope children will associate with what they've seen in their own lives. Each time they declare the culprit was Fuzzy Dizzle, at the Coffee Time, with the broken bottle, the fun will instantly skyrocket at the evocation of memories of your own neighborhood Coffee Time, or maybe that bottle they saw you use on those scummy hustles last month. Ghetto Clue is about mystery, excitement, intrigue, and fucking people up. It's not just for kids, but fun for the whole family!

R.K.'s FAVOURITE FEATURE: Life-sized, all new weapons! Includes: Broken bottle, aluminum bat, sack of pennies, combination lock, gold-plated pimp chain, and your very own Tims.

now
19.99



now
29.99



Playing Doctor

This exciting game teaches the value of focusing your efforts to 'work on' your partner. In Playing Doctor, your partner is Randy Rob, and your job is to find the right way to please him and set off his happy beeps! But watch out, touching in the wrong place, touching too hard, or not enough, will earn you a small electric shock. But paying attention and doing your very best earns you satisfaction for both you and Randy Rob, and as you improve, Randy Rob's watch follows your time improvement! Finger touch device, batteries, and tissues for cleanup after a big win included. Age 6-30. WARNING: Some versions of Playing Doctor include small pieces. Others are rather large. Pieces are not to be swallowed.

R.K.'s FAVOURITE FEATURE: Choose from Randy Rob's several proportions and ethnicities! Collect many more for added fun, and added experience!

Don't Drop the Soap

Following in the gaming tradition of Kerplunk, comes a new game that utilizes gravity to frustrate children of all ages. What originated as a form of recreation for prison mates, Don't Drop the Soap is sure to make its way into the family living room. A bar of soap is suspended by several coloured sticks which players slowly remove in turn with the hopes of not disturbing the soap. One wrong move and you're the laughing stock of the entire household. For weeks on end, you'll be known as the kid who "dropped the soap". All of a sudden, Bobby "Wets His Bed" wasn't such a bad nickname after all.

R.K.'s FAVOURITE FEATURE: Children learn at a very young age that it's not so cool to drop the soap. This will save them the embarrassment of learning the hard way in any social situation, whether at prison, the local YMCA or all-boys Catholic school change-room.

Don't Drop the Soap!

now
99.99



TOYS 'R' KELLY

Touching young children

Who needs SEX and DRUGS when you have GAME NIGHT!!!



Crack Land

\$5.99

Includes a giant lollipop for raving!

Crack Land

Come discover the mystery and magic that lies beyond the gates of Crackland. Skip along LSD Lane with the Mescaline Midgets and cool off in the Roofie River. Then take a trip with the Absinthe Fairies in the Opium Valley, but don't stay too long in Psilocin Swamp or feel the wrath of the dreadful Shroom Goblins. No, you're not hallucinating. This is the same game you played as a child, but with a narcotic twist. In Crackland, players alternate drawing cards from the deck and moving their Raver game-piece as the card directs. The first raver to get to Cannabis Castle and rescue Blow, the Snow Queen, will win the game!!

R.K.'s FAVOURITE FEATURE: Learn valuable life skills in helping resuscitate lil' Martha after her run in with Count Chloroform and the Heroin Harpies. This game is sure to provide countless hours of family entertainment.

WARNING: Toys R Kelly is not responsible for the after effects of playing this game, including loss of memory, unexpected pregnancy, contraction of fatal diseases or unplanned sodomy.

now
20.99



Guess Who's Yo' Daddy?

Is your person blonde? Does he have glasses? A uni-brow? How about a crack pipe? I guess you're playing Has-Been's newest edition of Guess Who? Meet 20 unsuspecting fathers with various hairdos, scars and visible strains of herpes. Players attempt to be the first to guess his/her opponent's mystery character, by asking "yes" or "no" questions. Is he wearing a wife beater? If not, flip down all of the fathers wearing wife beaters. Does your father have 3 teeth? Are you Deadbeat Darry? Yay, you win! Fortunately, we all win, because while supplies last, you can get the Guess Who's Yo' Daddy Deluxe Edition. With a removable character option only available in the special offer, each mystery father can be replaced with photos of your friends making this game a customizable good time.

R.K.'s FAVOURITE FEATURE: For those mothers-to-be out there, it's a great way to break the news to daddy. When he asks why all his pieces are flipped down, tell him it's cause he's the father!!! Laughter is sure to ensue... Hahahaha... fun.

hearts

since 2002!



Crack Land
\$5.99

HAAA,
Sarah's an
OLD DIRTY
WHORE
just like
her mother!!

Old Dirty Whore
\$9.99

Comes with used
syringe!

Old Dirty Whore

The classic game of Old Maid that originated way back when is back in a new and lively up-to-date version. Seriously now, when was the last time you heard of or saw an Old Maid anyway? Ya, she may look haggardly, but she doesn't look that insulting. Because really kids, in the end, I'm sure you'd rather be called an Old Maid than an Old Dirty Whore. This game brings a new meaning to competition. Watch as your child battles frantically to rid his hand of the dreaded Old Whore card. Players draw cards face down from each other, discarding from their hand only the cards that are duplicates. The loser is the player who holds the Old Whore when all other cards have been discarded.

R.K.'s FAVOURITE FEATURE: Also a positive self-esteem enhancement tool, the losing child will learn to deal with several minutes of brutal ridicule and learn to repress their feelings until a new game is played. This game is sure to catch on throughout elementary schools near you.

Hey Kelly...
Can I play?

Fuck you
granny...
these ain't your
crusty old
fashioned
board games!



"You're in my fucking way!!"

The Science of Hallway Congestion

By Sean Hockin



You know how it is: you woke up late and are running your sleepy ass off, trying to get to your lab or midterm on-time. Inevitably, there is a crowd of people talking in the middle of the hallway or a pair of slow-moving students taking their sweet time walking down the stairs right in front of you.

Ever wonder why this always happens, especially at the most inconvenient times?

You might think that it's fate or karma or just your own stupid luck. Well believe it or not, there are a set of scientific laws that explain the probability and mechanics of crowds and slow-moving people that get in your way. These little-known theorems were developed by hallway engineer David Villmer 50 years ago and have since revised several times to fit ever-evolving human behavioural patterns.

Villmer's First Law of Hallway Congestion:

An individual's frustration is proportional to the importance of the event they are going to and inversely proportional to the speed of the obstruction. Hence, an object moving very slowly, or not moving at all, (such as a large crowd

of people) causes an infinite increase in frustration.

Villmer's Second Law of Hallway Congestion:

When late for an important function, the greater an individual's running speed, the greater a chance of collision with another individual.

Villmer's Law of Staircase Motion:

When hurrying down a staircase, the speed of a panicked individual is double that of any obstructing individuals. It was later determined that instead of moving twice as fast as an obstruction, an individual on a staircase was hurrying at a rate 2.257 times as fast as an obstructing individual.

2.257 is referred to as "Villmer's constant."

Because of his studies in the field of lateness and the inevitable hallway obstruction, Villmer was awarded the Nobel Prize. However, three months later, it was pointed out that "hallway science" wasn't a notable scientific field and that no one cared, and Villmer was stripped of his prize.

Regardless, the subtle science behind Villmer's Law is still in effect, and can be observed as students race to get to class in the morning.

Conquering the World's Tallest Phallic Symbol

By Mei Ling Chen

Alright, so here's how it went down.

A couple of weeks ago I was bombarded by people (friends and strangers alike) who, after some careful persuasion, convinced me to climb the CN Tower for charity. Keep in mind that I succumbed to peer pressure easily, and I also find it very hard to say no, so I didn't really put up much of a fight.

It took me a while to realize that when they said climbing they didn't mean the kind where you're attached with ropes and karabiners and you can feel the wind in your hair as you're hanging parallel to the tower. No. Not at all. In fact when they said climbing they meant a crazy number of stairs in front of you with no where to go but up. And up I went.

My dad decided to remind me that we have a family history of heart problems before I left this morning. Being a small, relatively healthy female who has yet to hit 20 years I decided not to think too much of it.

Eventually I met up with the rest of my team mates at the top where we drank water, shared stories and ogled the Korean schoolgirls who were visiting Toronto that day.

Seriously though, congratulations to everyone who participated. I may or may not have made up some of what was written. Not the vomit though. Vomit's always real. Always.

BORN TO BE BIATCH'D



EVERY PARENT
DESERVES
A SLAVE!
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FOR SLAVERY INFORMATION AND SUPPORT CALL 1-855-7600

Advice For Kids!



I know what you should try: how 'bout you try fucking growing up for a change you little pipsqueak?

You try working three jobs at three separate adjacent, mid-priced, frumpy women's clothing stores in the Eaton Centre, just to put strained peas on the table because that shit's apparently more organic than picking up a cheaper option, such as Biggie fries and a shake for your precious little din-din. I still say potatoes are vegetables.

Why don't you try commuting every day, nearly being squelched from existence by semi trucks which are probably transporting your organic peas, creating more of an environmental hazard in their wake than the fast food they were trying to replace.

How's about you try looking after whiney kids all day long, when you really just want to put your feet up after a long day?

You try coming up with a clever, yet inexpensive Halloween costume so that the kids in the neighbourhood are appropriately scared, but not so scared that their parents call me up and complain that their son shit himself because he looked at my kid's costume,

even though it was so obvious that the kid totally shits himself all the time and was just using my kid's costume-scarieness-factor as an excuse. Never again.

Oh here's one: Try paying bills, like the electricity one that keeps your games running properly, even though I'm in my day, games didn't get plugged into walls, because they were based on mechanics, and the ability to put something together with your own two hands. Take Mousetrap; it was so complicated that by the time you finished setting up all the booby traps you were too tired and thirsty for apple juice to even play. That doesn't mean that we didn't love it, and all the easily swallowable pieces that it came with.

-Annie Unnold

Don't Kill Yourself Hockey Fans!!!

TIPS FOR SURVIVING THE WINTER HOCKEY-FREE



Seeing Markus Naslund on the cover of NHL 2005 brings home the brutal reality: millions of hockey fans will be left with little more than stacking their team with all-stars and beating the shit out of their little brother on Xbox this winter. This writer brings hope, though. In an attempt at public service, here are five quick steps for survival in the harsh Canadian climate without such Canadian heroes as Karel, Alexei, Aki, and Mats:

#1 Don't Kill Yourself

This one can't be stressed enough. The hockey might come back. The hockey will come back. GOD DAMNIT, HOCKEY HAS TO COME BACK! PLEASE HOCKEY, PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF JESUS, PLEASE, YOU GREEDY BASTARDS COME BACK! WITHOUT YOU I'M NAKED AND NOTHING! PLEASE DADDY, ER, HOCKEY, COME BACK! It just may take some time. So

put down the Desert Eagle (how'd you get that anyway... Can I see it some time?), calm down, and read the next four steps to hockismal enlightenment.

#2 Spend more time with your wife

If you don't have a wife, spend some time with your girlfriend. No? Well, at least try and find a girlfriend. And if that's hopeless, spend more time with your sister or mother. If you don't have one of those, I heard the prices on Jarvis go down in the winter, although the market price for hookers will go up without hockey. So find a part-time job, make more money, and buy up some of that love the NHL ain't providing. For all the married guys, this is your opportunity to kiss ass and fix that shattered relationship. Or you can dump her and spend the long off season trying to find a new one. How's that sound?

#3 Keep drinking beer

Drinking away your sorrows is obvious. If you drink enough and watch old Don Cherry videos, you might be able to fool yourself. But more importantly, the beer companies are big sponsors in the NHL. If the strike brings down sales of beer, the companies may go out of business and without their advertising, the NHL may go away altogether. So drink even more than you did before.

- Tim Kocur

#4 Force your kids to play hockey

This one goes together with the drinking. You might be able to convince yourself the Avalanche are in town, even though it's just your disappointment of a daughter skating around with tears in her eyes. If you don't have kids, you can always order a few from the internet, or you can pretend other kids are your own and just watch the games at the local arena. Use your imagination.

#5 Send letters to your favorite players

You've always wanted to do this, haven't you? You sit up at night and wonder if Tomas Kaberle thinks you should ask out the girl you sit behind in class. You know the one. You're always bending over and looking through your bag just so you can smell her hair. You even bought the same shampoo she uses and you rub it all over your chest when you play with yourself. But don't tell Tomas about that. Just ask him to think about persuading his buddies to get on the ice. Send a photo of you with his jersey on. Promise him jewelry. Threaten his family. Do whatever you can to convince the players to come back as soon as possible.

HON
HOOKED ON
NARCOTICS

Ever since Hooked on Phonics™ swept the nation, manufacturers have been searching for something just as fun and addictive. Now it's here, ready to be delivered to your home.

You call yourself a good parent? If you're kid is not Hooked On Narcotics, you have a way to go. *A good mother*

You think yelling at the kids who beat your kids soccer team and not inviting their parents to your BBQ's means you care? You obviously are not Hooked on Narcotics. *A caring father*

Everyone else's kid is doing it. Why isn't yours?

Start them young. They will develop a life long relationship they will thank you for later.

Go

\$40.00 Shipping and Handling; \$100.00 Bribery; \$5000.00 Prison bail; NO TAX
That's only \$5140.00 for a lifetime of family fun. How can you say no to that face?

NEWS BRIEFS

SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS COMES OUT OF THE CLOSET

HOLLYWOOD (AP) - During a stunning press conference last week, Spongebob explained the real reason behind the dissolution of his 10 year marriage to his wife Phyllis, a retired douche. "I am a gay sponge, and it's time I stop living a lie." Cast members suspected Spongebob after he hit it off with George Michael last season, when Michael guest-starred on the show as an eccentric horse.

Asked to comment, director James Burrows said: "A sponge with that much acting talent, and he's not absorbing a little chromosome along with the crumbs? Uh-uh." Spongebob is still waiting for his SAG card but can now live an honest life as a true thespian, and is allegedly dating the Swiffer mop.

CONSUMER WARNING: DEFECTIVE BIRTH CONTROL

NORTH YORK (Reuters) - Spritz Pharmaceutical Inc. has issued a warning to consumers who may have purchased defective Essentials™ birth control pills from November 1996 to February 1997 in the North York region. "We must have somehow mixed the two compartments and switched the drugs. It's kind of funny if you think about it," joked Lloyd Spritz, CEO and president.

Spritz Pharmaceutical has issued a recall on any unwanted children born as a result of this error. Spritz encourages those implicated to return their child(ren), the birth certificate(s) and a copy of the receipt for proof of purchase to any local participating drugstores to receive a full refund.

BUBBA SPARXXX ADMITS TO POOR SPELLING

DIRTY SOUTH (AP) - Last week, rapper, songwriter, fat guy Bubba Sparxxx admitted that his name was not the one he wanted. Sparxxx explained that when he concocted the name, he didn't have a strong grip of the written English language.

"I didn't know exactly how to spell Sparks," explained Sparxxx. "It was pronounced 'ks' or something and I was sure at the time that it had to like at least four or five 'x's in there, man." When he realized the error, it was too late to change.

STUDENT OVER-CLOCKS BRAIN

BAHEN (U of T Press) - A second year computer science student over-clocked his brain while working on an assignment at the Bahen Center at 2:30am. Apparently, he drank one too many energy drinks while trying to stay conscious enough to program. Witnessing the event were several other computer science students who immediately recognized all the signs of an over-clock gone bad. "There was a weird whirring sound coming from his head, and then all of a sudden he got all red and smoke starting coming out of his eyes and ears and nostrils," reported one witness.

Fortunately, those standing by responded to the crisis with video-game reflexes and carried the student to the nearest washroom where they flushed his head with icy-cold water, thereby saving his brain.

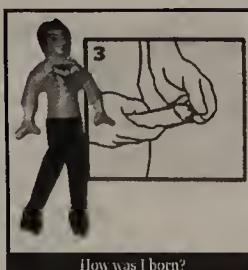
Educational Action Figures for Kids

Every second of every day, your child is bombarded by thousands of media images that hinder their cerebral development. The solution to this social travesty is simple: kids these days need some good old-fashioned fun. Edukashun 4 tomorrow Inc., has developed a set of action figures that are sure to lure children away from the television and onto the road of intellectual curiosity and success. Each action figure provides answers to important questions that every kid should be armed with as they embark on the great journey of life. Expose them to the world around them in an enjoyable and interactive way. Down with lies! Let's not pull the wool over their precious eyes any longer. Let your kid know the truth, if you want them to love you later. Little Jenn or Joey will be amused for hours. Collect them all!

- Marin Turk



Hobo Hank



How was I born?

How was I born?

This set comes with Mommy and Daddy. It includes removable clothing and a broken condom.

What was it like 200 years ago?

Master Bader comes fully equipped in his Mansion. Includes armchair, tobacco pipe and 19th century porn.



Suicidal Seymour

Where do we go when we die?

Amelia Autopsy- includes interactive toe-tag you can write on over and over again!

What is my goal in life?

Toke Oike Editor Dave Kobayashi. Comes with stress, power, removable glasses, superman costume and irresistible charm.

What happens if I don't do my homework?

Hobo Hank- Comes with nothing...except body lice!

What happens if I start hanging out with the wrong crowd?

Suicide Bomber Osama - Includes matches, gasoline soaked cotton-balls and a fake passport.

What do I do if no one likes me?

Suicidal Seymour- includes all the Nine Inch Nails albums, a stiff bottle of whisky and a rusty exacto knife.

Words I Can't Say

By Mei Ling Chen

You ever notice how there are some words you just can't say? Maybe you're just not cool enough to pull it off, or maybe the union threatened to revoke your teaching licence. We all have them: words that just don't sound right coming out of your mouth. I've compiled a list of words I am unable to say because I thought people would care.

I was wrong...well, here it is anyway.

"gangsta":

For some reason, whenever I say this word it comes out lame and weak, as opposed to hip and urban savvy like I was going for. I could always say the less popular "gangster" but it just doesn't have the same effect. Plus pronouncing the 'r' at the end of a word is so passé. Went the way of the dinosaures and Furby dolls.

"woot":

I had to get a friend to explain this to me a few months ago. After seeing and hearing this everywhere (especially in engineering) I vowed to find the meaning of it. Turns out, it doesn't really have a meaning. It's just something the '937' say like we'd say "awesome" or "coolness." Yet when I try to fit in and say "woot", all I get is a shaking head and a gentle nudge towards the door.

"schlong":

A schlong is a large penis. True story. Aside from that, it has six consonants and only ONE vowel! How the hell

am I supposed know how to pronounce that? "Sklong?" "Shlong?" "Chlong?" I like my words to have a consonant to vowel ratio of no more than 4:1. Anything else would just be madness.

"mayonnaise":

I am fully able to say this word. But I won't. You see, I refuse to say any word that has "May" in it. This is because it contains the incorrect spelling of my own name: Mei. And I won't have any of that. Unless the spelling is changed, you will never hear the word "mayonnaise" leave my mouth. Unless I am ordering a large sub. With pickles. This also applies to "maybe", "may-poe" and the month of "May" which will now be referred to as "That Month".

"love":

Maybe it's because I was never hugged as a child. Maybe it's because the ironing accident of '96 has left me incapable of pronouncing the letter 'v'. Whatever it is I have never been able to get the word "love" out. Too bad. I guess my goldfish will never know how I really feel about him.

These are just some of the words I'm unable to say. With my speech impediment I have a tendency to screw up the entire English language. Maybe someday I'll create my own language. I'll call it "Mei - nese" or "Crazy-wacky-fun-language" (CWFL for short).

-Mei Ling Chen

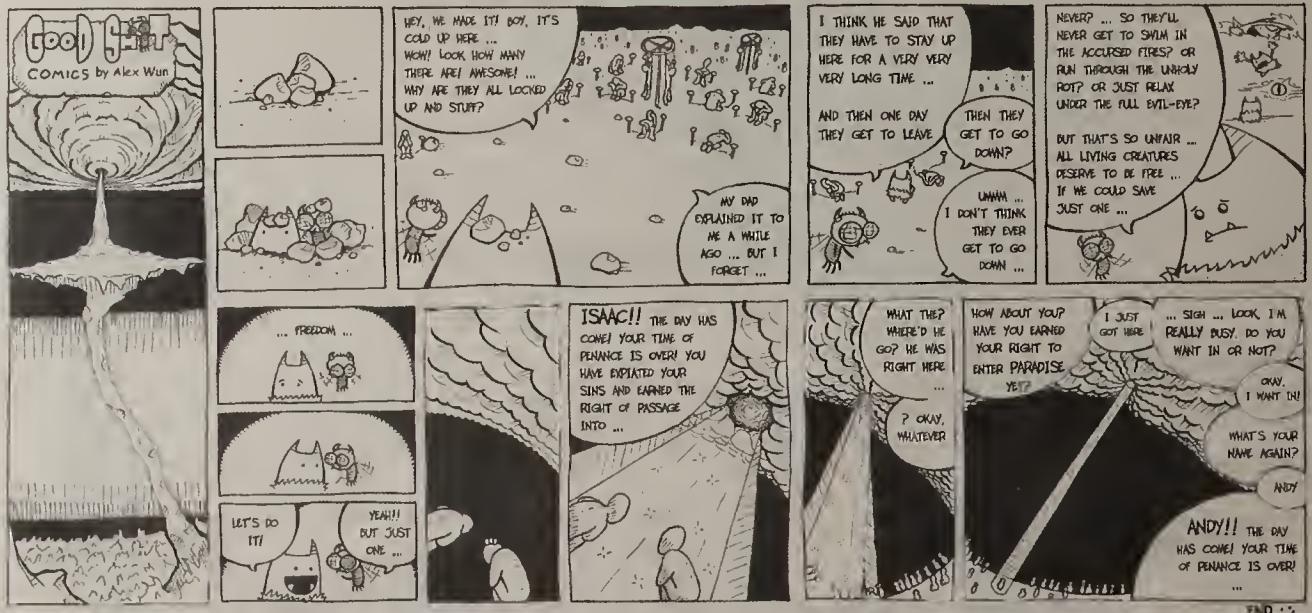
A TEEN-ROMANTIC-COMEDY
DARK-EXPLORATION-OF-THE-HUMAN-CONDITION
SEX-ROMP-ACTION
DRUG-TRIP-SCIFI-THRILLER!

: THE MOVIE
A MASTERSPIECE
ORIGIN TELLING

COMING FEBRUARY 29, 2007

TOKE PICTURES in collaboration with FISCH YOU STUDIO presents THE MOVIE a HAROLD CLAY FILM starring NO ONE IN PARTICULAR, TRASHY WHORE, BITYEN FRIEND, DUMBASS JACK, featuring A SUPER NINJA LIFE-SIZED BLOW UP DOLL directed by a TALENTLESS SHITHEAD action/sex scenes directed by HORNY BASTARD original screenplay by SOME FUCKWAD PLAGIARIST original score by BONEY SPEARS LEFT DOOR.

COMICS



SOMEBODY HATES YOU

Episode 1: Not on my watch!

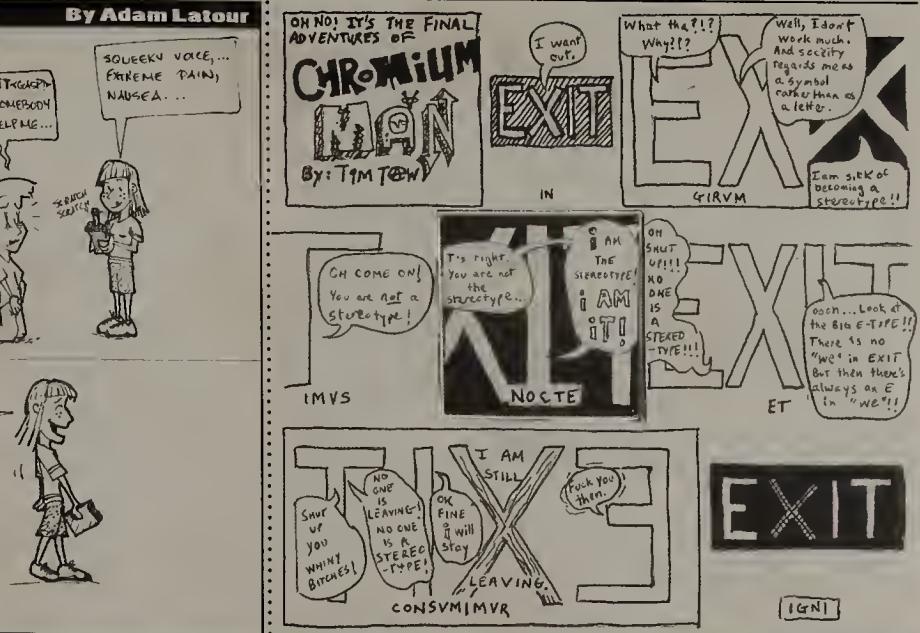
By Peter Buddard
Todd Reichert



Franklyn



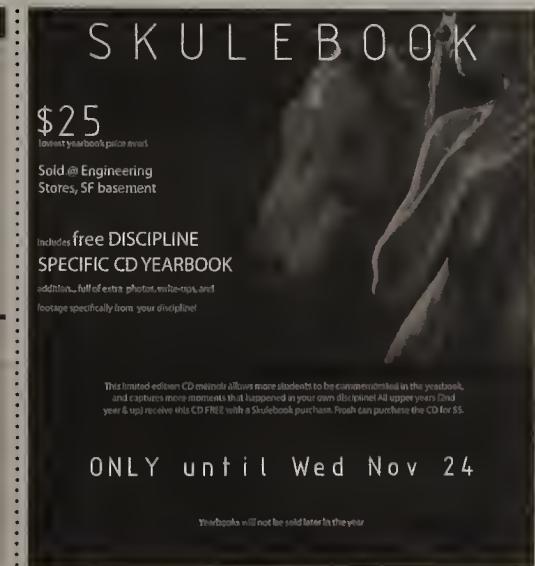
By Adam Latour



REALITY TV

http://cube30.keenspace.com

Cube 30 (Toke #1)



CLASSIFIEDS

MERCH WANTED

FRENCH TART needed to eat out after lunch. Rakesh, 555-0988.

LOVE (syphilis-free preferred) Come to black Honda on King's College circle, parked in front of UC.

MOUNTAIN high enough and river deep enough needed to keep my stalker away from me. Jord, 555-7984.

GENIE in a bottle needed to help me conquer most of Asia and Eastern Europe. 555-8885.

BRICKS needed to complete The Wall. Rager, 555-6948.

BEER. Not cocktails. I ordered a refreshing drink not a fucking rainforest. Dan, 555-3089.

LAXATIVES needed to prepare for Cleveland Steamer. Cooper, 555-1833.

SOME MORE. Please, sir. Oliver 555-1836.

ANFO. As much as you've got. It's for a school project, honest. Andy, 555-9726.

MERCH FOR SALE

CLEVELANDSTEAMER. The messiest anniversary gift two bottles of cheap wine can buy. Amanda, 555-0589.

MAGIC SOURCE. #1 Magic. Cloud, 555-4993.

ELTON JOHN collector's edition pins. So unique you'll never believe they've been up his ass. 555-4399.

VISA CARD. Meeting kids over the internet has never been this easy. Shan, 555-3498.

FERTILIZER needed to grow weed. I'm no ordinary horti-fucking-culturalist. Winston, 555-3988.

POLE POUNDER. Pound shaft like a pro. Mr. 8elvedere, 555-3409.

CSI MORGUE PROPS. Almost as pleasurable as real corpses. Stefano, 555-4090.

MAGIROCK. Summons Esper. Sean 555-9878.

FORESKIN. Rabbi Peruzzo, 555-3988.

MALE BREAST MILK. We're not just creaming our pants anymore. Deano, 555-3298.

GETAWAY DRIVER needed. 3 years of driving experience. Criminal history an asset, but not required. Call Toke Office.

HELP WANTED

EWOKS needed to help destroy moon base. Leia, 555-5409.

NO SEX is bad sex after she's had too much to drink. Carlo, 555-3409.

MOSES needed to go down... down to Egypt's land. 555-9094.

FLESRUOY KCUF OG. That's a fantastic asset to have! ?sdrawka dear ouy NAC

CREEPY GUY needed to sit so close to me in an empty subway car. Also need to get his hand off my thigh. Mei, 555-4999.

BANKERS and Lawyers needed to stop all that fuckin' bullshit man. Dave McKenna, 555-5989.

LIBERALS. Down with them man. Down with the Libs in gray shirts and down with the Libs on skateboards! Yeah man. Let's go streaking! Armando, 555-3049.

UNAPPRECIATIVE children needed to revile in my old age. I'm not wearing any pants. 555-3099.

RIM JOB. Research In Motion now hiring engineers with soft, supple tongues. Jordan, 555-3909.

CONNECTIONS

I was standing at a urinal, you were shitting in the sink. I think we can hit it off this time without the 8aby Wipes, "Mr. Poo", 555-3408.

You were unlocking your front door, I was across the street with my binoculars. Girl of my dreams you will be mine, or you will be nobody's! Sam, 555-6868.

You were talking to me on MSN while I was masturbating to The Lion King on my webcam. It gives me strange tingles; this happens more often than you think. Arek, 555-4988.

WANT TO PLACE AN AD?



Little Miss Listens
To Shit Music



Mr. University Graduate



Little Miss Teen Pregnancy



Mr. Deadbeat Dad



Mr. Shit For Brains



Mr. Cock Block



Little Miss That Time
Of The Month



Mr. Tells Racist Jokes



Little Miss Polycystic
Ovaries



Mr. Closet Case



Mr. 'The Cannon'



Little Miss 'Salterae'



Mr. 'The Varsity'



Little Miss 'The Window'



Mr. 'The Strand'



Mr. 'The Woody'
(oh, grow up)



Mr. 'The Gargoyle'



Mr. 'The Mike'



Little Miss 'The Herald'



Mr. 'The Newspaper'
(also goes by Mr. Indy)



Little Miss Does Homework
On The Can To Save Time

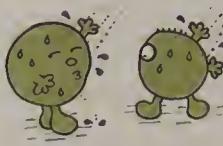
HEY KIDS! BE SURE TO READ THE OTHER FINE BOOKS IN THIS SERIES



Mr. Low Sperm Count



Little Miss Pit Stains



Mr. Pees In The
Public Shower



Little Miss Triangle
(Funny Because She's Odd)



Little Miss Joke Killer



Mr. Whipped & Little
Miss Ball And Chain



Mr. Collects
Toe Nail Clippings



Little Miss Has To Pee



Little Miss Trucker Hat



Mr. Needs More Fibre



Little Miss Spontaneous
Eye Explosion



Little Miss Attention Whore



Mr. Brittle Bones



Little Miss 5 Dollar Latte



Mr. There's Shit
Right In My Fucking Teeth



Little Miss Mister